

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Sketches in India, treating on Subjects connected with the Government, Civil and Military Establishments, Characters of the Europeans, and Customs of the Native Inhabitants. By WILLIAM HUGGINS. 8vo. pp. 237. London, 1824.

NUMEROUS as are the works on India, and excellent as many of them are, there is not one that treats sufficiently of the domestic habits of the Europeans, or that takes us home to the hearths of our fellow countrymen in Hindostan. Hence, we are almost as ignorant of the state of society in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, and of the habits, customs, and amusements of the inhabitants as we are of those of Pekin or Ispahan. Volumes upon volumes have been written upon the manners and religious ceremonies of the Hindoos, and their domestic habits have become almost as familiar to us as those of one of our distant counties; but none of them are sufficiently explicit on an equally important, though small, portion of the population—the British settlers.

The work now before us seems calculated, in some degree, to supply that desideratum. The author, who was long resident in India, and was unconnected with the Company either in a civil or military capacity, gives few disquisitions on the political power or commercial resources of the country; and, although he necessarily dwells on the Hindoos, as forming the principal portion of the population in India, yet, as his observations are of a particular rather than a general nature, they can scarcely be said to have been anticipated by any previous writer on the subject. 'In presenting the world,' says the author, 'with a series of letters upon the domestic habits and characteristic features of the people who inhabit and reside in our Bengal possessions, the author's object is to draw a line of approximation between them and their fellow subjects resident in England, and, by a distinct sketch of the minute traits in the picture, to instruct the Englishman who never visited India on points which may interest the members of his family.' The author confesses he is not an Oriental scholar, and that therefore his spelling of Indian names, in which he has been guided by the ear, may not be altogether correct.

Mr. Huggins's *Sketches of India* strongly remind us of a similar work relating to the south of Europe, entitled *Italy and the Italians*, which has not been half so much no-

ticed as it deserves. Both give a vivid and correct picture of the people and the country of which they speak.

Mr. Huggins is a straight-forward writer: he despatches his five months' voyage in a single line, and places you at once on the Bengal coast, close to Saugur Island—a jungle which some speculators are converting into a watering-place—an Oriental Brighton in embryo. The natives of Calcutta are not, however, without a retreat from the cares of business, for, within half an hour's sail, there is Garden Reach, 'rising like a fairy isle in the midst of a desert, and offering to the view a succession of beautiful villas, surrounded by groves of lofty trees.' Here the Company has a botanical garden, rich in plants and flowers, both indigenous and exotic.

The government palace at Calcutta would not sink in comparison, our author informs us, with most palaces in Europe. It owes its rise to the princely disposition of the Marquis Wellesley, and is said to have cost a million sterling—an expense which was not at all agreeable to the four-and-twenty plain-dealing elders of Leadenhall Street. The marquis had planned another magnificent building, at Barrackpore; but he was recalled before he could carry the measure into effect, and Lady Hastings has since erected a greenhouse with the materials. The houses belonging to Europeans are commodious:—

'A gentleman's house in Calcutta is a large square building, covered with a composition which resembles freestone, and gives an uniform agreeable appearance to the building, as if formed of cut stone; the roof is flat, and distinct from the body of the house runs a colonnade, which serves to decorate it, and encloses a space pleasant to walk in, called a veranda; venetians painted green serve for windows; in fine, with some exceptions, its form and general appearance resemble an English castle, or rather the hotel of a rich Parisian, enclosed by a wall or metal railing. You may easily conceive the fine *coup d'œil* of a wide and regular street, composed of houses, such as that I have described; indeed, the English town merits an appellation of which its inhabitants are ambitious, viz.—the City of Palaces. There are several squares, but that called Tank Square is the largest: it derives its name from a tank or pond of water in the area. You must not imagine Calcutta is composed entirely of buildings, like that I have described; on the contrary, take it all in all, perhaps no city in the world deserves to be called a mass of misery and

magnificence more justly. After leaving the grand streets, and approaching the abodes of its native population, a very different spectacle meets the eye. Huts built of mud, or bamboos and grass, low, filthy, and crowded with people, constitute the habitations of poor natives. The population that resides within a square of these huts is very great, and would create surprise in any one who has not witnessed such a scene. During the monsoons fires frequently occur among these huts, and endanger the stately dwellings of their English neighbours; however, in occurrences of this kind, the police hasten with their fire-engines, and prevent the extensive injury which would otherwise be occasioned. Some rich natives dwell in elegant mansions, built after the English style; others, inferior to them, erect large houses, which in their internal construction resemble the old abbeys or castles we read of in romances. Narrow intricate passages, winding alleys, here and there a little dark apartment, low doors, and flights of stairs, small venetians, or, if near the haram, loop holes, demonstrate the suspicious narrow mind of its inmate.'

Passing over a brief sketch of the government in India, the state of the army, the jurisprudence, and the defence of the policy of Warren Hastings, and the Marquises Wellesley and Hastings, the revenue, the state of the press, and a variety of other subjects which are treated of, Mr. Huggins proceeds to an account of the various classes of society, and offers some political observations on the advantages of acting with more liberality towards the half-castes. Speaking of the ladies he says:—

'India is a mart for every thing, and has long been a receptacle for such ladies as could not find husbands at home, or whose connections in that country are respectable. European ladies were formerly in high repute, and, from the fact of being born in Europe, unconnected with accomplishments or other fascinating qualities, were sure to get husbands of some rank: men who longed after domestic happiness would not, of course, wish to see the children a mixed breed, destined to inherit their property, and carry their names to posterity. The number of European women, too, was small, so that, like every other scarce article, they became highly valuable. At this time men of the first rank in India often married women who had moved in a very humble sphere at home. However, the case is somewhat altered: European ladies have become numerous; people are not so ready to tie the matrimonial knot on account of

their Anglo descent, and many of them, at present in Calcutta, have got a very indifferent train of lovers.'

'Amongst these ladies, who have left home to better their condition, romantic attachments, or romancing of any kind, is not to be expected. To shine at a public ball, to be gazed at in the theatre, to be toasted by young fellows, are very agreeable and flattering to every woman's vanity: but these are not the principal points; a matrimonial settlement is the grand desideratum. Amongst the lovers by whom a favourite belle is surrounded, shape, figure, the graces, are not so much considered as those more solid words, rank, employment, prospects. It would be amusing to hear an old aunt, experienced in Indian matrimony, deciding the pretensions of different admirers in these particulars, balancing which weighs heaviest, and directing her niece's choice. To one of these ladies a resident would be a prize—a secretary, a head-servant in the custom-house, or, perhaps, a magistrate; but subalterns, whether civil or military, have no chance; they must grow older and greater first. But why should we laugh at Indian marriages?—Is not the same thing common in England?—Does not interest lead Hymen more than love?—These cases are frequent in all countries, though, perhaps, owing to peculiar and tropical causes, more general in India than elsewhere.'

The Indo-British ladies, or half-castes, have a distinct chapter. When young, they are placed at school, where they learn to read, write, and dance, with other accomplishments. As they are generally children who are without the protection of their fathers, the school is their abode and their home, where—

'Balls are given every week or fortnight, during the cold season, which young officers in the army, mates of ships, and tradesmen frequent. At these assemblies the god of love sometimes makes his appearance, and shoots his dart from the languishing black eye or delicate waist of an Indian brunette; or perches on a fine turned ankle that trips lightly through the dance, and bends his bow beneath the gauze by which its hidden beauties are surrounded. In this place young men often select their future partners. Amongst these ladies the desire of marriage is a warm and prevailing passion, which, setting aside physical reasons, commonly pretty strong in a hot country, must naturally arise from their friendless situation. A young miss, who has not reached her teens, and in England would be crying for gingerbread nuts, cocks her little head with womanly consequence, and talks of a husband, gives her opinion of the different gentlemen who danced with her, and rejects or approves with great authority.'

We shall select one or two sketches more of the picture of Calcutta society, and then close Mr. Huggins's work for the present:—

'The places of public resort and amusement in Calcutta are the course, the ball-room, and the theatre. The course is a fine

broad road, which leads out to the suburbs of the city, and on which the fashionable figure in the evening. Here landaus, coaches, chariots, curricles, phaetons, &c., press forward in close ranks, full of gentlemen and ladies, well dressed: on every side you behold equipages, horses, ostrich feathers, and dandies. Over this scene of magnificence and show a thick dust is spread, as if sent by some envious power to embitter its sweets, as if to mortify human vanity, by soiling those elegancies in which it takes pride. Here the Calcutta ladies come to court the gaze of admiration, and display their charms; to court, too, the tepid breezes of a climate, which, alas! soon withers their bloom, and plants the drooping lily where the rose was wont to dwell. Many a lady would think this gaiety and splendour dearly bought at such a sacrifice; perhaps, too, they are. The gentlemen who bestride steeds are well dressed, and ride well; the course, in gaiety and splendour, horses and equipages, beaux and belles, resembles Hyde Park, only wanting the cool breezes of England to make it equally agreeable. Public balls are given in the Town Hall, and, like the course, attract the most respectable inhabitants. Stewards are appointed beforehand to make what arrangements may be necessary, so that every thing is conducted with great order. Quadrilles and country-dances are generally practised; however, waltzing has been lately introduced. Here the prettiest faces and finest waists in India are to be seen; pleasure and gaiety hold their court, the dance flies, and all seem happy. This scene of festivity is peculiarly grateful to the young beauties and the young beaux of India, as such public occasions for exhibition are rare, and therefore valuable. The lustre of chandeliers, dress, address, dancing, and music, animate the dullest tempers. Such a scene is pleasant to contemplate, and should be encouraged; where man forgets his labours, difficulties, and cares—bounds from the load that presses on his heart, and enjoys happiness, even for an hour. The public dances are in an elegant style, and attended by the fashionable or accomplished, as persons in humble circumstances seldom make their appearance there.

'The stage in Calcutta has not arrived at any great eminence, and the duties of the Chowringhee Theatre are performed principally by amateur actors; for, wealthy as this city is, it cannot afford to keep a regular company; or rather the emoluments are not sufficient to recompense their labours, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of admission. This want of support for the theatre arises from various causes: the terms of admission are too high for persons of confined income to indulge much in theatrical amusements, whilst other modes of diversion abound, and can be enjoyed without expense. The dances at schools, private parties, and convivial pleasures occupy this part of the community, so that the audience is composed of persons whose circumstances put them above thinking of the charge for admittance. They, too, have

their routs and assemblies, which prevent a regular attendance at the theatre, were they so disposed.'

Mr. H. blames the Calcutta newspapers for their lavish praise on the amateur theatricals, and then digresses on the temper, tone of feeling, and enjoyment that prevail among the Europeans in Calcutta, in which he says:—

'I know of no place where hospitality is more prevalent and more munificent than in Calcutta: a man of property has generally a number of guests at his house, sees company frequently, and keeps an excellent table, at which luxuries abound of every kind; the choicest wines of Europe are served up (be their price ever so high), and the most delicious meats which can be procured; every thing that can delight the palate is supplied, on which the nicest epicure might banquet with pleasure, and conviviality is carried to a sociable and proper length, without deviating into bacchanalian riot. Men of rank keep a sumptuous table, those of small income a good one; so that a stranger or a guest are well treated wherever they go. Persons to whom fortune has acted as a churlish stepdame, and left without employment, generally find a friend to receive and entertain them, until more favourable circumstances occur; so that the hospitality of Europeans at Calcutta is, in an eminent degree, generous and kind.'

We shall reserve one or two extracts, with our remarks, until next week.

Parables. By Dr. F. A. KRUMMACHER. Translated from the German, by Frederic Shoberl.

IN the early ages of the world it was customary, through all the nations of the east, to convey sacred truths under mysterious figures and representations; and the Scriptures abound with this species of allegorical instruction, of which the parables of The Prodigal Son, The Ten Virgins, and several others, are instances. The little volume before us attempts to inculcate the principles of religion and morality by the same means. It is the production of a Protestant divine; but the parables are untainted by the peculiar doctrines of any sect, and breathe a genuine spirit of Christianity.

These parables, which are one hundred and twenty eight in number, are preceded by a preface on the nature and character of this species of allegory, and by three parables dedicatory to the universally beloved and venerated Queen Louisa of Prussia. The other parables present great variety, and many of them possess much beauty, as will be seen from the two following:—

'*The Corn-field.*—The harvest-moon had ripened the corn in the fields. The full ears rustled in the breeze, and the husbandman had already gone forth to see whether it was time for him to send the reapers. He cleared out his granaries, and calculated in his own mind the profit which he should derive from the produce of his lands. For he was rich; but his heart was dissatisfied and penurious and full of worldly cares.

'And the wise teacher of the congrega-

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again pre-
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"Inde-
could scan-
dant seas-
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'Then
say: "Wo-
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tion approached him and said: "The earth again presents this year an abundant crop. The ears are heavy, and the reapers will soon bind up the rich sheaves."

"Indeed," replied the husbandman, "we could scarcely have wished for a more abundant season. The land will return manyfold the seed committed to its bosom."

"Then did the pious master answer and say: "Would to God that the rational master of the earth imitated the example of the dead clod which he tills! It receives but a small quantity of seed, and repays it ten, nay even twenty, fold. Man, on the other hand, has received much, and frequently yields but very little."

"This observation smote the heart of the niggardly husbandman, and he felt ashamed. For he was sordid and full of cares for the coming day, and all his study was how to increase his wealth."

"Dissembling, however, his secret shame, he said to the pastor: "Certainly every one should strive to improve his circumstances, that he may have it in his power to confer benefit on others. If man is doomed to labour in the sweat of his brow, it is that he may himself bring forth that which is useful in abundance, as the well-tilled fields multiply the seed. Therefore doth nature add ear to ear in the field, till the whole seems to be but one stem."

"But the pastor thereupon answered: "The aspect of the corn-field is certainly simple, and ear crowds ear in order that many mouths may be fed. But the time of sowing is short, and the corn grows of itself without human help, and brings forth straw and ears, and the days of harvest also last but a short time. Thus man has leisure to survey his fields and to consider the blue corn-flower, and the scarlet poppy, and the purple violet, which blossom between the stems of corn, and to listen to the lark which rises from the furrows and soars into the sky. For it is not without a purpose that the flowers blossom among the uniform stems, and that the lark hovers above them. These are destined to remind the owner that there are other things besides the soil of the field and the ear which grows out of it; that in striving after the useful he may bear in mind also the fair and the good, and not be so intent on the earth below as to disregard what is in heaven above him."

"Thus spake the virtuous pastor. But his discourse was displeasing to the husbandman, and, when he had listened to it with a sullen look, he went his way."

"For the good precepts of the wise are a bitter root to the bad heart, which is apt to regard them as severe rebukes."

Tobias the Younger; or, the Art of Dying.
—When Tobias the younger was full of years, a grievous sickness came upon him, and the end of his days drew nigh. His son Azarias stood beside his bed and wept; for the severe sufferings of his father cut him to the heart. Tobias, however, neither moaned nor complained; but his soul was serene, and his countenance recovered its wonted cheerfulness, when the pains subsided for a time.

"Then said Azarias: "My heart, O my father, is lost in amazement, to see thee, in this struggle, in agony so acute, and in the near prospect of death, so joyous, and of such good cheer."

"Tobias, the father, then opened his mouth and said: I "have often told thee of the journey which I took to the land of Media, by the direction of my father, in the days of my youth. When I had punctually fulfilled the errand upon which I was sent, the hour for my return arrived. With joy I set out on the arduous journey to my own country: for I had finished my business, and was going back to my father's house. The last days of my journey were the most fatiguing, for they led through deserts of burning sand, and over steep rugged mountains. But the thoughts of my father and of home filled my heart with courage, and imparted strength to my weary limbs. I quickened my steps, reached my home, and fell into the arms of my father.—Behold, my son, my journey is ended—I am going to my father!"

"After he pronounced these words, the vehemence of his disease again came upon him, and he gave up the ghost in the arms of his son."

This little volume, which cannot be too highly recommended on account of its moral tone, is neatly got up, and must prove an acceptable present to children, which parents need feel no hesitation in putting into their hands.

The Reveries of a Recluse; or, Sketches of Characters, Parties, Events, Writings, Opinions, &c. 12mo. pp. 332. Edinburgh, 1824.

WE firmly believe that this work is really what it purports to be, the Reveries of a Recluse—of one who has been either shut up from the world or might as well have been, for any good use he seems to have made of his liberty. That the author may, as he asserts, have "both read and meditated deeply" we will not deny, though we have no evidence of it in the book before us. The 'Advertisement' is singularly at variance with the rest of the work: in the former he is all modesty, and offers his opinions with so much diffidence that you would suppose him to be the most unassuming man in the world; but see him in the body of his work, he speaks as confidently as if he possessed the whole knowledge and wisdom of the universe. That he is not an author by profession we feel assured, and we congratulate him on the circumstance.—That he is a gentleman who is on good terms with himself, we have no doubt; and long may he continue so. The author is however a very loyal man: he abhorred Bonaparte more than any human being (though, to do him justice, he speaks fairly of him), and his 'late Majesty was the monarchical' object of his idolatry; he is an universalist, as far as a real or presumed acquaintance with all subjects is concerned; and he dismisses them with so much ease and sang froid, that we are really astonished at his confidence. We should have felt quite indig-

nant at his despatching Modern Criticism in some fourteen pages when we are entering on our sixth quarto volume of criticism, did we not find that he has squeezed the politics of half a century—and that the last half—into about seventeen pages!

The reveries of our recluse are nearly thirty in number, and they embrace a great variety of subjects, including politics, religion, novel-reading, libels, satire, the drama, criticism, &c. Of the whole of these papers there is not one we can either praise or positively condemn: they are of that mediocre character that they have neither much good nor ill in them; the opinions, as well as the topics, are generally commonplace; and we are not aware of a new idea in the whole volume. One of the best papers is on the drama, and we quote a portion of it:—

"Lord Gardenston, in his Remarks on the English Drama, thus speaks of the dramatic taste of the London audiences of his time.

"I beg, once for all, that the English traveller who may chance to cast his eye on these motley remarks will believe, that when I express contempt of a London audience, which I most heartily feel, I mean no reflection on the nation in general, nor that audience in particular, but the bulk of them, who are not Englishmen, but the sweepings of every country in Europe. A part of them are undoubtedly superior judges of the English drama, but their voice is lost in the tumult of an ignorant and licentious vulgar, great and small. Time brings on their judgment to prevail, and suppresses, from age to age, the fooleries past, for an endless succession of new ones. Thus, classical productions are thinly scattered through the course of time, and thus antiquity is justly valued."

The editor of his lordship's Miscellanies subjoins the following note to the foregoing remarks:—

"Mr. Congreve appears to have been exactly of our author's opinion with respect to the character and taste of a London audience. In a letter, dated the 9th of December, 1704, he says,—'Cibber has produced a play (The Careless Husband) consisting of fine gentlemen and fine conversation altogether; but there are some that know better.'—Vide Berkeley's Literary Relics, published in 1789. Many of Dryden's prologues and epilogues contain nothing else but abuse of his audience, whom he loudly charges with the want of candour, judgment, and common sense. The Spectator tells us that, in his age, indecency was expected in every new comedy. He adds that, for this reason, many ladies of his acquaintance were particularly careful to attend every new play, on the first night. A lively specimen of the virtue of our grandmothers! It would be chimerical to question the judgment of Congreve or Dryden, or the veracity of so intelligent a writer as the Spectator. Trinculo, in the Tempest, hath a remark to the same purpose:—'Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday foo

there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; while they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian!

"Whilst this hard truth, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

"Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost."

These authorities, to which many others might be added, as Pope, Fielding, &c. are inserted only to vindicate the text of our censor from any suspicion of improper asperity."

The dramatic taste of a London audience is not much improved since the time of Lord Gardenston. The love of intellectual pleasure and improvement seems now, in a great degree, superseded, in our theatres, by a fondness for spectacle and other novelties. Processions, splendid scenery, the dextrous feats of harlequin and pantaloons, singers, dancers, infant actors—whatever, in short, is calculated to excite astonishment and please the senses, are preferred to the representation of the finest dramatic productions in our language. A few good plays are indeed now and then acted; but the general run of the performances with which audiences are now satisfied, are of so flimsy and frivolous a character as to show that their authors had nothing further in view than to create a laugh—to tickle the fancy of John Bull, and send him home in good humour, in return for his three shillings; or, perhaps, they are got up for the sole purpose of introducing some favourite singer. John, by the bye, is a great amateur in music, and spares no expense in importing it. Though naturally fond of home-made things, he must, for the fashion of the thing, patronize, at a great expense, Italian singers and French dancers, though he could get them, of his own manufacture, at a much cheaper rate. So strong is this passion in John for foreign music and foreign voices, that he will lay out as much in a single night on an Italian vocalist as would feed and clothe thirty poor families for a year! But, to return to our subject, why such *bagatelles* as we speak of should be resorted to, when there are so many sterling pieces, ancient and modern, or what are called stock-plays, in the catalogue of the British drama, is only to be accounted for by a natural desire of managers to please the unreflecting many in preference to the thinking few: they wisely consider that numbers, not weight of talent, put money into their treasuries. It is not their fault: "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give, And those who live to please must please to live."

"But, though the stage has, for the last twenty years, been inundated with such ephemeral trifles—just passable enough,

with the aid of stage-effect, scenery, and music, as novelties of the hour—that period has given birth to several dramatic productions of very superior excellence; which, however, like many others of the same stamp, of older date, are now thrown on the shelf. There are few, we conceive, of the tragedies of the present day which equal those of the last age in deep pathos, simplicity, and natural feeling; but many, or most, of the late writers in comedy, though they may fall short—with the exception of Sheridan—of their predecessors in wit, surpass them in chasteness and elegance. This may in part be owing to the more refined taste of the present day. The grossness and indelicacy of a Vanbrugh, a Farquhar, a Centlivre, a Congreve, would not pass with a modern audience—nay, would be scouted from the stage. It is true, Bertram, and one or two other high-seasoned tragedies, had their brief hour of popularity, but they are now consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. We shall say nothing of our immortal bard, nine-tenths of whose productions are laid aside to make room for such rivals."

This, though a favourable specimen of the author's matter and manner, does not do him much credit as a writer; but, to quote Shakspeare with a very slight alteration, we will say—

"Nature made him, therefore let him pass for an author."

The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan.
3 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1821.

(Concluded from p. 41.)

WE concluded our last week's notice of the amusing adventures of Hajji Baba with an account of the entertainment given by his master, the doctor, to the Shah. We did not follow the parties into the harem, certainly, though it is necessary for the understanding of our narrative to state that the man of medicine gave his Curdish slave, Zeenab, the adored of Hajji, to the Shah, who was by far too powerful a rival for the son even of the chief barber of Ispahan to contend with.

From the service of the doctor, Hajji is removed to that of the government, and becomes an executioner, or rather an assistant to Namerd Khan the executioner, 'a tall, square-shouldered bourgman,' who 'drank wine without compunction, and freely cursed the mollahs, who promised him a seat in the regions below for holding the injunctions of the Prophet so cheap.' The executioner had a lieutenant and a sub-lieutenant under him, and from the latter Hajji obtained some insight into his profession:—

"He said, "Do not suppose that the salary which the Shah gives his servants is a matter of much consideration with them: no, the value of their places depends upon the range of extortion which circumstances may afford, and upon their ingenuity in taking advantage of it. As, for instance, take our chief: his salary is 1000 tomauns per annum, which may or may not be re-

gularly paid; that signifies little to him. He spends at least five or six times that sum; and how is he to get it, if it flows not from the contributions of those who come under his cognisance? A khan has incurred the Shah's displeasure; he is to be beaten and fined: the chief executioner beats and mulcts in the inverse proportion of the present which the sufferers make him. A rebel's eyes are to be put out; it depends upon what he receives, whether the punishment is done rudely with a dagger, or neatly with a pen-knife. He is sent on an expedition at the head of an army; wherever he goes, presents are sent him; from the towns and villages on his road, to induce him not to quarter his troops upon them; and he uses his discretion, according to the value of what he receives, in choosing his halting stations. Most of those in high offices, even the viziers, make him annual gifts, in case the day of the Shah's displeasure should come, and then they would hope to be dealt with gently by him. In short, wherever a stick is to be brandished, wherever punishment is to be inflicted, there the chief executioner levies his dues; and they descend in a gradual measure from him to the lowest of his officers. Before I was a naib, and when I was called upon to lay the bastinado on some wretched culprit, many is the time that my compassion has been moved by a direct appeal to my purse; and then, instead of beating the sufferer's feet, I struck the *felek* upon which they rested. It was but last year that the principal secretary of state incurred the wrath of the Shah. He was ordered to receive the bastinado, and, by way of distinction, a small carpet was spread for him to lie upon: I and another were the operators, whilst two more held the *felek*. When we were taking the shawl and cap from his head, his girdle and outer coat (which became our lawful perquisites), he whispered to us, low enough not to be heard by the Shah (for this was all done in his presence), 'By the mothers that bore you, do not beat me much! I'll give you each ten tomauns if you will not strike me.' His heels were tripped up, his feet placed in the noose, whilst his back reposed on the carpet; and then we set to work. For our own sakes, we were obliged to start fair, and we laid on until he roared sufficiently; and then, having ably made him increase his offer until he had bid up to any price we wished, we gradually ceased beating his feet, and only broke our sticks over the *felek*. Much ingenuity was displayed on both sides, in order that the Shah might not discover that there was any understanding between us. His bidding was interwoven with his groans, something after this manner:—'*Ahi aman! aman!* For pity's sake, by the soul of the prophet! twelve tomauns.—By the love of your fathers and mothers! fifteen tomauns.—By the king's beard! twenty tomauns.—By all the Imâms! by all the prophets! thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, hundred, thousand,—any thing you want.' When it was over, we soon found that his generosity had diminished quite as rapidly as it had before increas-

ed, and we he first offered to give, feared he overtook his mercy."

"Shir Ali gave me such of my situation, but I went about my head, had the least and to such that I verily too separate first impulse that I knew brave, that velled great come such is, the strongest tions; and phere of: nothing but ears, putting tars, chop them in: suaded, we could almost."

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ed, and we were satisfied to receive what he first offered to us, which he was obliged to give, fearing, if a similar misfortune again overtook him, we should then show him no mercy."

Shir Ali, holding this sort of language, gave me such an insight into the advantages of my situation, that I could dream of nothing but bastinadoing, and getting money. I went about all day flourishing a stick over my head, practising upon any object that had the least resemblance to human feet; and to such perfection did I bring my hand, that I verily believe I could have hit each toe separately, had I been so ordered. The first impulse of my nature was not cruelty, that I knew: I was neither fierce nor brave, that I also knew: I therefore marvelled greatly how of a sudden I had become such an unsainted lion*. The fact is, the example of others always had the strongest influence over my mind and actions; and I now lived in such an atmosphere of violence and cruelty, I heard of nothing but of slitting noses, cutting off ears, putting out eyes, blowing up in mortars, chopping men in two, and baking them in ovens, that, in truth, I am persuaded, with a proper example before me, I could almost have impaled my own father.

Hajji succeeds to the office of sub-lieutenant, and, while filling this office, exercises an act of humanity to an Armenian and his wife, whose adventures form an interesting episode. Hajji joins in an expedition against the Russians; he is afterwards introduced to the king's camp, where 'he gives a specimen of lying on a grand scale,' though scarcely enough to satisfy the Mirza, who wrote a proclamation of the battle, which far outstripped all Hajji's statements.

On the return of Hajji to Tehran, his office of sub-lieutenant to the executioner imposes on him a painful duty—no less than that of superintending the death of Zeenab, whose intimacy with Hajji, though not known, had betrayed the fact that the Shah had not been her first admirer. The death of Zeenab is powerfully depicted:—

'The night was dark and lowering, and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun, unusual in these climates, had set surrounded by clouds of the colour of blood; and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders over the summits of the adjacent range of Albers. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels on the watch-towers, announcing midnight, and the voices of the muezzins from the mosques, the wild notes of whose chant, floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of

death to the helpless woman. I started up, —I could not bear to hear them more,—I rushed on in desperate haste, and, as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived, sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to carry my Zeenab to her eternal mansion. The only word which I had power to say to them was, "Shoud?" Is it done? to which they answered, "Ne shoud," it is not done. To which ensued an awful silence. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror, excepting that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

'On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the Shah's palace stands a high octagonal tower, some thirty feet in height, seen conspicuous from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber, in which he frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close to its base. On the top of all is a terrace (a spot, ah! never by me to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now riveted. I had scarcely arrived, when, looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication, on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were at the brink of the tower, her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness.

'We all kept a dead and breathless silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved—I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and, if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them,—I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length, one loud, shrill, and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and, with my head confused, half crazed and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab and her burden lay struggling, a mangled and mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were upon her, and her lips moved as if she would speak, although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I thought she said, "My child! my child!" but perhaps it was an illusion of my brain. I hung over her in the deepest despair, and, having lost all sense of prudence and of self-preservation, I acted so much up to my own feelings, that, if the men around me had had the

smallest suspicion of my real situation, nothing could have saved me from destruction. I even carried my phrenzy so far as to steep my handkerchief in her blood, saying to myself, "This, at least, shall never part from me!" I came to myself, however, upon hearing the shrill and demon-like voice of one of her murderers from the tower's height, crying out—"Is she dead?" "Ay, as a stone," answered one of my ruffians. "Carry her away, then," said the voice. "To hell yourself," in a suppressed tone, said another ruffian; upon which my men lifted the dead body into the taboot, placed it upon their shoulders, and walked off with it to the burial-ground without the city, where they found a grave ready dug to receive it. I walked mechanically after them, absorbed in most melancholy thoughts, and, when we had arrived at the burial-place, I sat myself down on a grave-stone, scarcely conscious of what was going on. I watched the operations of the nasackchies with a sort of unmeaning stare; saw them place the dead body in the earth; then shovel the mould over it; then place two stones, one at the feet and the other at the head. When they had finished, they came up to me and said, "that all was done;" to which I answered, "Go home; I will follow." They left me seated on the grave, and returned to the town.

'The night continued dark, and distant thunders still echoed through the mountains. No other sound was heard, save now and then the infant-like cries of the jackall, that now in packs, and then by two or three at the time, kept prowling round the mansions of the dead.

'The longer I remained near the grave, the less I felt inclined to return to my home, and to my horrid employment of executioner. I loathed my existence, and longed to be so secluded from the world, and from all dealings with those of high authority in it, that the only scheme which I could relish was that of becoming a real Dervish, and passing the rest of my days in penitence and privations. Besides, the fear of having disclosed, both by my words and actions, how much I was involved in the fate of the deceased, came across my mind, and added to my repugnance of returning.'

Hajji determines on returning to Ispahan, and, after taking refuge in the sanctuary, turning saint, and being robbed of all he had, he reaches his native city just in time to close the eyes of his dying father, with whose property some persons had made rather free before Hajji's arrival. he employs a conjurer to discover the lost property—quits his mother—becomes a lawyer's scribe—opens a marriage-register office—afterwards goes to Bagdad—turns merchant, and accompanies a caravan to Constantinople, where he writes the history of Europe, and, returning with his ambassador to Persia, proceeds to his native city, a much greater man than when he first left it. We have no room to follow him through these adventures, but shall quote the scheme of the lawyer, the Mollah Nadan, with whom Hajji lived, for raising money and making men happy.

* *Shir bi pir*—a lion without a saint, is a favourite Persian epithet, when applied to a desperado, a fellow without compassion.

"When left to ourselves (for the priest soon after quitted the room), mollah Nadân, taking the mûshthead's note from his breast, said that he should be happy to receive me in his service upon so good a recommendation; and, having questioned me upon my qualifications, I gave such answers, that he expressed himself satisfied.

"I have long been seeking a person of your character," said he, "but hitherto without success. He who has just left us has assisted me in my several duties; but he is too much of a napak (an intriguer) for my purpose. I want one who will look upon my interests as his own, who will eat his bit of bread with me and be satisfied, without taking a larger share than his due."

"In answer to this, I informed the mollah that, although I had already seen much of the world, yet he would find in me a faithful servant, and one ready to imbibe his principles; for (as I had already explained to the mûshthead) my mind was made up to leading a new life, and endeavouring, under his direction, to become the mirror of a true Mussulman.

"In that," said the mollah, "esteem yourself as the most fortunate of men; for I am looked up to as the pattern of the followers of the blessed Mahomed. In short, I may be called a living Koran. None pray more regularly than I. No one goes to the bath more scrupulously, nor abstains more rigidly from every thing that is counted unclean. You will find neither silk in my dress, nor gold on my fingers. My ablutions are esteemed the most complete of any man's in the capital, and the mode of my absterion the most in use. I neither smoke nor drink wine before men; neither do I play at chess, at gengifeli (cards), or any game which, as the law ordains, abstracts the mind from holy meditation. I am esteemed the model of fasters; and, during the mawazan, give no quarter to the many hungry fellows who come to me, under various pretexts, to beg a remission of the strictness of the law. 'No,' do I say to them, 'die rather than eat, or drink, or smoke. Do like me, who, rather than abate one tittle of the sacred ordinance, would manage to exist from Jumâh to Jumâh (Friday) without polluting my lips with unlawful food.'"

"Although I did not applaud his tenacity about fasting, yet I did not fail to approve all he said, and threw in my exclamations so well in time, that I perceived he became almost as much pleased with me as he appeared to be with himself.

"From the same devotedness to religion," continued he, "I have ever abstained from taking to myself a wife, and in that respect I may be looked upon as exceeding even the perfection of our Holy Prophet; who (blessings attend his beard!) had wives and women slaves, more even than *Sûleiman ibn Daoud* himself. But, although I do not myself marry, yet I assist others in doing so; and it is in that particular branch of my duty in which I intend more especially to employ you."

"By my eyes," said I, "you must com-

mand me; for hitherto I am ignorant as the Turk in the fields."

"You must know then," said he, "that, to the scandal of religion, to the destruction of the law, the commerce of *cowlies*, or courtesans, had acquired such ascendancy in this city, that wives began to be esteemed as useless. Men's houses were ruined, and the ordinances of the Prophet were disregarded. The Shah, who is a pious prince, and respects the Ullemah, and who holds the ceremony of marriage sacred, complained to the head of the law, the mollah Bashi, of this subversion of all morality in his capital, and, with a reprimand for his remissness, ordered him to provide a remedy of the evil. The mollah Bashi (between you and I, be it said) is, in every degree, an ass,—one who knows as much of religion and its duties as of Frangistân and its kings. But I—I, who am the mollah Nadân,—I suggested a scheme in which the convenience of the public and the ordinances of the law are so well combined, that both may be suited without hindrance to either. You know it is lawful among us to marry for as long or as short a time as may be convenient; and, in that case, the woman is called *mâtî*. 'Why, then,' said I to the chief priest, 'why not have a sufficient number of such like wives in store, for those who know not where to seek for a companion? The thing is easy to be done, and Nadân the man to do it.'

"The mollah Bashi, who, though the cream of blockheads in all other cases, is very quick-sighted when his interest is concerned, caught at my idea, for he foresaw a great harvest of gain for himself.—He consequently acquired possession of several small houses of little value, in which he has installed a certain number of women, who, through his interference, are married, in the character and with the privileges of *mâtîs*, to whoever is ambitious of such a marriage; and, as both parties, on such occasion, pay him a fee, he has thus very considerably increased his revenues. So eagerly do the people marry, that he has several mollahs at work, wholly engaged in reading the marriage ceremony. He has entirely excluded me from any share in his profits,—I who first suggested the plan; and, therefore, I am determined to undertake the business myself, and thus add to the public convenience. But we must be secret, for, if the mollah Bashi was to hear of my scheme, he would interpose his authority, overthrow it, and perhaps have me expelled the city."

"During this exposure of the mollah's plans, I began to look at him from head to foot, and to question within myself whether this, in fact, could be the celebrated pillar of the law of whom the mûshthead, good man! had spoken in such high terms. However, I was too new in holy life to permit any scruples against the fitness of such schemes to come across my mind; so I continued to applaud all that Nadân had said, and he continued as follows:

"I have already three women in readiness, established in a small house in the

neighbourhood, and it is my intention to employ you in the search of husbands for them. You will frequent the caravanserais, watching the arrival of merchants and other strangers, to whom you will propose marriage, upon easier terms than the chief priest can offer, and, according to the riches of the bridegroom, you will exact a proportionate fee. I shall not give you any wages, because you will have opportunities of acquiring such knowledge from me, that, in time, you may become a mollah yourself, and show the road to all true believers in the practices of their duty. You will find every thing provided for you in my house; and, now and then, opportunities will offer for putting something honestly into your pocket. Whenever my friends come to see me, and when they take their *shâm* (dinner) with me, you will appear as my servant; on other occasions you may sit before me, and act as my scribe."

Recollections of an Eventful Life, chiefly passed in the Army. 12mo. pp. 222. London, 1824.

A LIFE passed in the British army, during any period of the last war, could scarcely fail of being eventful. It was an age of the most active warfare, when we were called upon to fight, in succession or collectively, every nation in Europe, and to contend in every clime; and we were even, during some portion of the great struggle, compelled to draw the sword against the misguided subjects of our sovereign. But it may, perhaps, be said, what can a private soldier know of the war, beyond his own individual share in it?—Not much, certainly, so far as relates to the disposition or manœuvres of a battle; and yet a delightful narrative might be picked up from some of our veterans: they perhaps could occasionally let us into the secrets of some of our victories, by telling us how they were acted upon in the moment of need,—how a word from their colonel or captain reminded them of the altars and the homes they were contending for,—how the idea that 'England expected every man to do his duty,' stimulated them. The exclamation of the Marquis of Anglesea, when he led the Guards to the overwhelming charge at Waterloo—the Guards that had been aspersed by Cobbett as mere parade soldiers—was a talisman that thrice-nerved their vigorous arms: 'Now for the honour of the household troops,' cried the gallant Paget, as he rushed with them to that part of the field where death scattered his arrows the thickest. When Cadogan—the brave Cadogan—whose dying request was that he might be placed in a situation to see the fight in which he could no longer participate,—when he led on a regiment raised principally in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and saw the French occupying a street, in what town we forget, resembling one in Glasgow, exclaimed, 'My lads, shall we suffer them to gain the Gallow gate?' his soldiers were more than men,—they were resistless.—And what British soldier is there who could not make us acquainted with many incidents, if not precisely such as these, at least highly interest-

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ing. We confess we are fond of the simple annals of the poor soldier, and we would prefer his narrative, as he gives it, to the flourishes and decorations of a professed author. Such a narrative, 'when unadorned, is adorned the most.'

The author of this work, a 'Glasgow body,' and a soldier, but of what regiment is not stated, gives a very interesting narrative of his 'eventful life.' We know not how much he is indebted to his editor, though we suspect not at all; for, if he has polished some parts of the narrative in a manner not in exact keeping with the character of the author, he has suffered others to pass which ought to have been expunged.

—But we forget ourselves, as the editor assures us that, 'with the exception of a very few verbal alterations, no change has been made in the original manuscript.'

The author, or hero of the work, was born in Glasgow, of respectable parents, and might have had a liberal education, had he thought it worth attending to. Robinson Crusoe—that universal favourite of youth—fired his soul, as it has done the souls of thousands, with a passion for adventure; he thought it a happiness to have an island to one's self, and would gladly have suffered shipwreck for such an adventure. Our hero was a romantic youth, who used to wander alone on the mountain and the shore, contemplating nature's wonders, and sighing to explore them; how he escaped being a poet we know not, for his feelings are romantic enough. He first fell in love with a shepherd's life, tried it, got tired in two days, and quitted it in a month. Associating himself with a boy who robbed his father, to buy a share in the lottery, our author joined him, and, disappointed in not getting a prize, obtained some money from a creditor of his father, when they both set off for Grenock, determined to go on board some vessel bound to Surinam, which he erroneously places in the West Indies; they, however, entered on board a letter-of-marque brig. We pass over his sailor life, of which our author was soon sick; his companion was lost in the first voyage, and he returned and enlisted into the army, and was soon choused out of his bounty by some older soldiers than himself. He, however, meets with a comrade, an honest Irishman, named Dennis, who takes much interest in his fate. The regiment, or company, sailed for Jersey, and were there during the Jubilee. After remaining there some time, they were ordered to embark for Portugal. Only six women were allowed to every hundred men to accompany them, and, therefore, the wives drew lots in the sergeant's room:—

'The men of the company had gathered round them, to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made with "to go" or "not to go" written on them. They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene.—The sergeant stood

in the middle with the hat in his hand, the women around him, with their hearts palpitating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward, from amongst the crowd, in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

'The first woman called was the sergeant's wife,—she drew "not to go." It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and her husband. She was not very well liked in the company. The next was a corporal's wife,—she drew "to go." This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

'The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat, and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed "to go." "D——you," said she, "old Meg will go yet, and live to scald more of you about the fireside." A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. "D——the old ——," said some of them, "she has the devil's luck and her own."

'The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced, with a palpitating heart and trembling hand, to decide on (what was to her, I believe,) her future happiness or misery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so that she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open.—When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him, in a tone of agony, "Tell me, for God's sake, what it is." "Not to go," said he, in a compassionate tone of voice.—"Oh, God, help me! oh, Sandy!" she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless in the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her, she was soon recovered from her swoon; but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband; when she perceived him she seized his hand, and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. "Oh, Sandy, you'll no leave me and your poor babie, will you?" The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.'

'We were to march the next morning early. The most of the single men were

away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

'When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind that they would never use them in that way again; and, as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common—all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

'When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy: but the most of them seemed to feel acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. "Oh, dinna, dinna leave me!" she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell that she would have to go ashore: "Oh, they'll never be so hard-hearted as to part us," said she; and, running aft to the quarter-deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with her child in her arms. "Oh, will you no let me gang wi' my husband? Will ye tear him frae his wife and his wean? He has nae frien's but us—nor we ony but him—and, oh! will you mak' us a' frien'less? See my wee babie pleadin' for us."

'The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings: the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favourable to her cause:—"Oh, aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him. You have nae wife; but, if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darlin'." "My good woman," said the officer, "I feel for you much; but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands; you have had your chance as well as the other women; and, although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament: and it is totally out of my power to help it." "Well, well," said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, "it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babie; this day leaves us friendless on the wide world." "God

will be your friend," said I, as I took the child from her until she would get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered, all this time, without saying a word. "Farewell, then—a last farewell, then," said she to him. "Where's my baby," she cried; I handed him to her—"Give him a last kiss, Sandy." He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. "Now a's owre; farewell, Sandy! we'll maybe meet in heaven:" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but, as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births, in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow, his wife's forebodings were too true: he was amongst the first that was killed in Portugal! What became of her I have never been able to learn."

The troops landed at Lisbon, when, after remaining some days, our author and his comrades embarked for Cadiz, where they were placed under the command of General Graham. He was ordered, with a few others, to occupy a battery, at the extremity of a point of land stretching out from Porto Real to the bay opposite to Puntales. The duty here was excessive, and, as the place was important, the French were very active to possess it, erecting formidable batteries in front:—

"At last, when every thing was prepared, they commenced their operations one night by blowing up the houses which had hitherto masked the batteries. I was out on picquet at the time; and we perceived them moving round a large fire which they had kindled. We suspected that they designed to attack us, and our suspicions were soon verified; for, in a short time after, they gave a salute of grape-shot, which ploughed the earth on every side of us; but this was only a prelude. A volley of red-hot shot, at the Spanish man-of-war, succeeded, which set her on fire, and obliged her to slip her cable, and drop down the bay. A volley of two more of the same kind scattered our gun-boats, and we were then left to bear the brunt of the battle alone. Now it began in earnest. Five or six batteries, mounting in all about twenty guns, and eight or ten mortars, opened their tremendous mouths, vomiting forth death and destruction. The picquet was called in.

"There was a number of spare fascions piled up on the sea-face of the battery, amongst which, for the want of room in the bomb-proof, we formed huts. In one of these I lodged. They had been set on fire by a shell that fell amongst them; and, when I entered the fort, the Spanish labourers were busy throwing them into the sea. I ran to try to save my knapsack, with the little treasure which I had gained; but it was too late—hut and all had been tossed over: there was no help for it. I did not know how soon I might be thrown over also. I was called to my gun, and had no

more time to think on the subject. They were now plying us so fast with shell, that I saw six or eight in the air over us at once.

"Death now began to stalk about in the most horrid forms. The large shot were almost certain messengers where they struck. The first man killed was a sailor who belonged to the *Temeraire*, seventy-four. The whole of his face was carried away. It was a horrid-looking wound. He was at the same gun with me. "Ah! what will we do with him?" said I to a seaman next me. "Let him lie there," was the reply. "We have no time to look after dead men now." At that time I thought it a hardened expression; but this was my first engagement. Not so with the tar: he had been well used to them.

"The French soon acquired a fatal precision with their shot, sending them in through our embrasures, killing and wounding men every volley. I was on the left of the gun, at the front wheel. We were running her up after loading. I had stooped to take a fresh purchase, a cannon-ball whistled in through the embrasure, carried the forage-cap off my head, and struck the man behind me on the breast, and he fell to rise no more."

"The carnage was now dreadful; the ramparts became strewed with the dead and wounded; and blood, brains, and mangled limbs lay scattered in every direction: but our men's spirits and enthusiasm seemed to rise with the danger. The artillery officer stood on the platform, and, when he reported any of our shot taking place, a cheer followed, and "at it again, my heroes," was the exclamation from every mouth. When any of our comrades fell, it excited no visible feeling but revenge. "Now for a retaliating shot" was the word: every nerve was strained to lay the gun with precision; and, if it took effect, it was considered that full justice was done to their memory.

"We had a traversing gun in the angle of the battery, which had done great execution. The artillery sergeant commanded her, and they were plying her with great vigour. In the course of the day, however, as the man was returning the sponge after a shot, and the cartridge in the hand of another, ready to reload, a thirty-two-pound shot from the French entered her muzzle, she rebounded, and struck the sergeant with her breech on the breast, and knocked him over insensible. The shot had entered so far that she was rendered useless, and abandoned.

"The action was kept up the whole of that day, during which we had lost the best and bravest of our men. Our guns had been well directed at first; but, towards evening, the most of the artillery who had commanded them had been either killed or wounded; and the direction of them was then taken by men who knew little about it. The consequence was, that much ammunition was used to little purpose. The artillery-soldier at the gun next to me was killed, and two men, equally ambitious for what they considered the post of honour, quarrelled about it. From high words it

came to blows: but the dispute was soon settled, for a shell, falling between them at that moment, burst, and quieted them for ever."

The firing recommenced next morning with day-light, and the precision the French had attained with their shot was very remarkable:—

"We had a flag-staff of the usual size, on which was hoisted the Spanish colours. They had cut it across with a cannon-ball; it was repaired, and again replaced; but was not five minutes up, when another shot brought it down again. This occurring four or five times successively, gave great offence to the sailors, who attributed all that we had suffered to fighting under the Spanish flag, and swore that if the union jack was up in its place, the French would not bring it down so easily. "There's that b——y Spanish flag down again," said one of the tars. "D—— it, Jack, I have got our boat's ensign here—let me go, and I'll soon run it up." He went, and assisted in repairing the flag-staff: but, instead of again bending the Spanish flag to the halliards, he put the English in place of it.

"A general huzza greeted its appearance. "Now, d—— it, we'll beat the French dogs" said the seaman; but the cheering had attracted the notice of the commandant, and he ordered it to be hauled down again. Never was an order so reluctantly obeyed. In a few minutes a shot cut through the flag-staff. "There it goes down again;"—"Oh, d——," was the surly reply, "let it lie there;" and there it lay: for no one would meddle with it. "Better to fight without a flag at all, than under such a b——y treacherous flag as that," said an old sailor. "I never could bear it, unless when I saw it flying at the mast head of an enemy."

"A shell fell, about the same time, at the magazine door. A blanket was the only partition between it and the powder. We were sure all was over, that it was impossible but the magazine would be blown up. We stood in awful suspense for the few seconds between its fall and bursting—it burst—and we already imagined ourselves in the air; but, fortunately, it did not communicate with the powder."

The fort was found untenable, and the few British soldiers that remained ordered to embark:—

"A number of the men, who had been killed, were lying on the ramparts. Some of them of the same regiment to which I belonged. We resolved on giving them some sort of burial, as the last kind office we could perform. We gathered them into a temporary hut, which had been built of mud, and, throwing it down over them, "Sleep there, brave comrades," said we, "far distant and ignorant of your fate is the wife or mother who would have composed your mangled limbs." Hurried and rude was their burial, and a heartfelt sigh all their requiem; but it was a thousand times more valuable than all the ostentatious trappings of affected woe."

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After remaining seven months in Cadiz the regiment re-embarked for Lisbon, and joined the third division of the army, when they encamped near Torres Vedras. While at Cadaciera—

'A peasant entered it, driving a flock of sheep before him. In a moment, a race was made amongst them by some of the soldiers. Others, stimulated by their example, followed, and, in a few minutes, officers and men promiscuously could be seen scrambling for the mutton. Dennis joined the throng, and had seized one of them, at the same moment that an officer of the Irish regiment in the brigade made a grasp at it. "Give me that sheep, sir," said the officer in an authoritative tone. "Arrah, be aisy, honey," said Dennis; "kill a Hessian for yourself, if you please."—A common expression among Irishmen. I asked Dennis what it meant. He said that, during the rebellion, a number of Hessian soldiers had been landed in Ireland, and an "United man," having shot one of them, was busy plundering him, when one of his comrades came and asked a share. "Kill a Hessian for yourself, my gay fellow," was the reply.'

It is well known that, in the early part of the Peninsular campaign, the British army was not remarkable for its discipline, and the Scotch regiment, like others, was guilty of excesses, of which the affair of the sheep was one instance. On the Sunday following, after the chaplain had left his station, General Picton took his place: "I could not deny," says our author, "that I felt a prejudice against him, and his countenance did not do it away; for it had a stern and gloomy expression, which, added to a very dark complexion, made it noway prepossessing; but, when he opened his mouth, and began to pour forth a torrent of abuse on us for our conduct, and his dark eye flashed with indignation, as he recapitulated our errors, "hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell." He wound up the particular part of his speech addressed to us with—"You are a disgrace to your moral country, Scotland!" That had more weight than all his speech. It sunk deep in our hearts. To separate a Scotchman from his country—to tell him he was unworthy of it—is next to taking away his life.

'But General Picton was not the character which we, by prejudice, were led to think him. Convinced of the baneful effects of allowing his men to plunder, he set his face sternly against it, but, in other respects, he was indulgent; and, although no man could blame with more severity when occasion required, he was no niggard of his praise when it was deserved. Nothing could surpass his calm intrepidity and bravery in danger; and his presence in battle had the effect of a talisman, so much had his skill and valour gained the confidence of the men under his command.'

Our soldier-author only continues his narrative to the opening of the campaign of 1811; and we are sure our readers will,

with us, regret that he has not seen more service; or, if seen, that he has not described it. Perhaps he has not had time to continue his narrative, for we find he is still a soldier, and has recently sailed for a foreign station. However much he may have neglected his education in early life, it will be seen that it is very superior to that of a private soldier, if such he really continues. The scenes which he describes are such as must have occurred to thousands as well as himself; but there are few persons, officers or men, who would have described them with so much force, nature, and simplicity, as our Glasgow soldier; and they must be captious critics indeed who would censure so creditable and so successful an attempt to beguile the tedium of a military life as this work exhibits.

Rivington's Annual Register; or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1822. pp. 987. London, 1824.

ANNUAL registers are among the very few works of long establishment which have not been superseded, or even much encroached upon, by more modern periodicals; not that we mean to say they are perfect and incapable of improvement, but there is a sterling merit about them, which will always secure them a place in every good library,—a fidelity in their narratives, a soundness in their views, which will ever render them valuable as works of reference.

The volume of Rivington's Annual Register just published does not differ in plan or arrangement from the volumes for the two preceding years, of which we spoke favourably: the historical retrospect is done with as much care; the chronicle as copious; and the state papers as numerous and as valuable. The philosophical and literary miscellany presents an interesting panorama of the progress of literature and science during the year; but the literary selections from new works are not so numerous. Of the tone of political feeling in which the editor writes, a short extract from the preface will furnish an example:—

'Of the foreign history for the present year, the progress of the Greek insurrection forms the most interesting feature. It will be seen that that people continued to maintain the contest they had so daringly provoked, with a gallantry not unworthy of their cause, or of the name, which is their only inheritance. We do not know that we are quite prepared to controvert the political expediency which induces the nations of Europe to stand altogether apart from this struggle; but surely never was interest of that kind consulted at a greater sacrifice of all the sympathies, whether national or religious, which have hitherto so naturally and so powerfully influenced the political arrangements of Europe. We see an European people contending against a Tartar tribe, which, after four hundred years' encampment in Greece (to use a phrase that has already been

employed, and with singular happiness, to describe the position preserved by the Turks in their conquered territories), yet retain all the distinctive physiognomy of their barbarian origin—we see a Christian people struggle to rescue our common religion from the daily contumely of an abominable superstition—we see the descendants of a nation illustrious beyond all others in the annals of human intellect, struggling to deliver a land thus sanctified with every association, whether of wisdom, or valour, or virtue, or genius, that can demand our reverence and our gratitude, and from whence comes the day-spring of European civilization itself, from under the hoofs of a brutish horde, with whom ferocity is virtue, and ignorance religion. It evidently now rests with the powers of Europe to put an easy end to a state of things, the existence of which has long been a scandal to Christendom; and if the Greeks, after they have thus half regained their emancipation, are suffered to be again trampled down under this hopeless barbarism, the rulers of the present day will incur, in the judgment of the wise and good of this and future ages, a responsibility from which the sanction of all the diplomatic congresses that ever assembled would go but little way to absolve them.'

Such, we are persuaded, are the feelings of every friend to liberty, humanity, or the arts, in the civilized world.

The Chronicle of 1823. 18mo. pp. 36. London, 1824.

THE plan of this work is good—the execution but indifferent. The manner in which it is got up does credit to the taste of the publisher, but the price at which it is charged will not establish his character for liberality;—a sheet of compilation for a shilling is high treason to this copper age: but we advise the editor to proceed, and we doubt not he will soon be enabled to afford three times as much for money, and make a handsome sum into the bargain.

This work is divided into four parts:—Remarkable Occurrences; Memorabilia in Literature, Science, Philosophy, and the Arts; Popular Literature; Obituary of Living Characters. The first list is, certainly, not well selected, for, although a public meeting agreeing to a petition proposed by Mr. Cobbett may be a remarkable occurrence, we cannot think there is any thing very remarkable in the opening of the King's Theatre, the production of the farce of Simpson and Co., the consecration of Stepney Church, or a county meeting petitioning about agricultural distress;—and yet all these 'remarkables' occur in the first two pages. Several of the articles are too brief to convey any satisfactory information. Thus, under date of February 6, we read, 'The Turks defeated by the Greeks;' but where, how, or to what extent, we know not. Again, 'The King of France resolved to increase his navy'—conveys as little real information as if he said he resolved to take

chocolate for breakfast instead of coffee. The Memorabilia in Literature contain little worth recording. We are certainly not much the wiser for being told that a 'Plan for a new Meteorological Society was published in The Monthly Magazine.' By the bye, this said Monthly is a great favourite with the editor, and is often dragged forward in order to give it a puff at the expense of other periodicals. The departments of Popular Literature and the Obituary are very poor: and, after all, we can only consider a work of this kind useful as a sort of index to an Annual Register.

ARCTIC ZOOLOGY.

WE quote the following article, on Arctic Zoology, from *The Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, a journal that is in the continual habit of borrowing from us, without showing equal liberality:—

THE WERNERIAN SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

At a meeting of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, held on Saturday last (10th inst.), specimens of the quadrupeds collected by Captains Parry and Franklin, and Dr. Richardson, were exhibited, and an account of the animals collected during the overland Arctic expedition was read by that intrepid and intelligent fellow traveller of the celebrated Capt. Franklin, Dr. Richardson. It is understood that the University of Edinburgh has the first selection from these present collections, a preference which must be highly gratifying to all those who take an interest in the Scottish national collection, and which, we believe, has been secured to this university, not only from the justice of compensating to her for having had only the second choice out of former collections, but also as a tribute due to the celebrity of our professor of natural history, who is unquestionably the most eminent in that branch of science of all British naturalists. These specimens were not all comprehended in the memoir read by Dr. Richardson, but he knew them all, and very obligingly answered several questions proposed to him, relative to those animals which had been collected in the naval Arctic expedition.

An account of two or three of the quadrupeds collected during the overland Arctic expedition had been read to the society on a former day, and Dr. Richardson took up the memoir from the place where it had been broken off. He began with the Wolverine, an animal strongly allied to the fox, wolf, and dog-tribe; he discussed this apparently intermingled class of animals at considerable length, though in so low a tone of voice, that we had a good deal of difficulty, at first, in hearing what he said. Amongst other things, we particularly noticed a circumstance which he related respecting the mode in which the Arctic dogs hunt an animal which, from its size, they may be afraid of attacking. They approach it gradually and cautiously in a semicircle: if the animal show no symptoms of fear, they pause; if, on the contrary, it appears terrified, they drive it about till it is ex-

hausted, when they attack it, and easily overcome it.

The hair of the wolverine was dark brown, long, and wiry; on the sides, near to the tail, it had a yellowish tinge. The tail was short, and furnished with longer hair; the ears short.

The next animal described by Dr. Richardson was the Arctic Fox. Of this species three specimens were produced, to show the varieties in the colour and appearance of the fox, at different periods of the year. The winter clothing of these animals is white; and Dr. Richardson observed that this alteration happened, not from a change of the hair, but from a change of its colour. In winter, the soles of the feet of this animal are covered with a thick coat of hair, which, by some naturalists, seems to have been considered to be a sufficient characteristic to constitute a specific difference between the Arctic and the more southerly fox. We should, however, regard it only as forming a variety, not a species, in the same way as the feather-legged bantam chancier is only a variety of the naked-legged, Highlander-like, common fowl.

The skins of these foxes form a valuable and considerable article of commerce.

The next animal mentioned by Dr. Richardson was the Mouse; several specimens were placed on the table. These mice are about the size of our common Hanoverian rat; the body looks round and fat, the head is roundish, the snout not being pointed, as in our mice; the feet are short; but the most remarkable feature which characterises this mouse is its tail: this member, so prominent and conspicuous a one in all the rat and mouse family (whether in town or country), with which we have hitherto been acquainted, is most particularly short in the mouse of Hudson's Bay; in short, it seems rather to have been appointed for the purpose of showing the spot to which tails are usually affixed, and by way of an apology for the absence of that lengthy appendage, than to have been intended for one. This mouse much resembles the mole, in the shape and size of the body and tail, but not in any other particulars.

Dr. Richardson stated that, occasionally, very numerous bodies of these short-tailed mice were seen travelling over the ice, and darkening it in large spots; for what purpose, or in what direction they were rambling, we did not learn; but it is probable that want of food occasions such migrations. Similar excursions have been noticed in other places.

The next animal presented to the attention of the society was a species of Marmot, called *Arctomys Parryi*. This was a very beautiful little animal, with a body somewhat larger than that of our common squirrel. The colour of the fur was a light brown, slightly but thickly spotted over the back with white indistinct spots. The eyes were large and prominent; the head rather roundish. In its stomach, at one period of the year, were found the fruit of the cranberry; at another, the seeds of a polygonum, and some other seeds. Its cry somewhat resembles the sound of a watchman's

rattle; and the Esquimaux call it the 'sic sic,'—a name formed by an attempt to convey a notion of the sound ejaculated by the creature; in the same way as was adopted, if we remember rightly, by Aristophanes, in his imitation of the songs of frogs in their springtide water-parties—'Ko-ax, ko-ax.' This animal, when alarmed, spreads out the hairs of its tail, which is about three inches long.

Doctor Richardson then proceeded to the *Cervus Taranaus* (the Reindeer), and described a greater variety in the growth and shape of the horns than we had any previous idea of. The growth of these excrescences, in most animals, appears to be regulated by established laws, and the horns, from sire to son, assume the same shape and fashion. In this species of deer we are informed that our travellers observed very considerable variations in that extraordinary ornament. The rein-deer is so well known in this country, since Mr. Bullock's exertions to procure and exhibit them, that we need not say any more about it. One particular we cannot omit, which belongs more especially to the science of gastronomy, though it is not yet publicly known in this country, nor even in France—so celebrated for her progress in this study; but, were it known, we fear that it could not be conveniently practised in Great Britain, in consequence of the immense expense of importing the animal alive. In detailing the uses of the rein-deer, Dr. Richardson told his audience that the natives used every part of the body as food, and that they carried their epicurism so far as to eat the contents of the stomach. They seemed to imagine that the lichens which had been masticated by the deer, and partially decomposed by the action of the gastric juice of this most interesting animal, were thereby rendered more fit, proper, and digestible for the use of man.—*Chacun a son gout.*

Dr. Richardson then named a very singular fact relative to the period of these animals shedding their horns. It would appear that the most usual season for their sustaining that loss is the autumn; but he said that some of them had been observed to retain their horns so late as February, and, if we mistake not very much, some examples were not wanting of their continuing till May.

The Musk-Ox was the next quadruped with an account of which the society was favoured by Dr. Richardson. When a herd of these animals is fired at, if the huntsman keep himself well concealed, they imagine the noise to be thunder, and crowd close together; but if, by the excellence of their smell, which sense they possess in great acuteness, or by other means, they discover a human being, they immediately disperse. It occasionally happens that a wounded musk-ox will turn on the hunter, and endeavour to make a very violent attack on him: in this case, the hunter will be perfectly safe, if, with a little activity and much presence of mind, he starts on one side, and takes the opportunity of stabbing the disappointed ox as he rages past him.

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In speaking of the Musk-Rat (which did not form a part of Dr. Richardson's memoir), he said that he supposed the musky odour to be emitted from all parts of its skin, and that it was only at particular periods of the year that the animal was observed to have a very strong scent. This rat is nearly as large as our common cat, and must indeed be a most formidable inmate of any house, if its habits were like those of our common rat, and its resolution increased in proportion to the size.

Two specimens of White Hare were shown,—one from Scotland, the other from the Arctic Regions. They were exhibited together for the purpose of allowing the comparisons to be made. The latter specimen was rather larger than the Scottish variety; in general it was a stouter-made animal; the tail was longer and larger; the face appeared more full; the ears thicker and more covered with fur; the fur itself was much thicker all over the body; it seemed also to be rather longer, and was, beyond all comparison, finer and softer. It would be undoubtedly one of the most valuable white furs that could be brought into the market, if it could be procured in sufficient abundance to form an object of commercial enterprise. We understand that our countrymen have scarcely yet reached the country where this valuable species of white hare exists in abundance.

Several other animals, also, not included in the account written by Dr. Richardson, were produced, for the purpose of hearing such observations from that distinguished traveller as his experience might enable him to make; but as we must, unfortunately, hasten to conclude this article, we are under the necessity of passing them over in silence.

We hear that Dr. Richardson will, in proceeding with this subject, read an account of the fishes collected by our distinguished countrymen, in the Polar Regions, at the next meeting of the society.

ORIGINAL.

ENIGMAS IN PROSE.

No. I.

No one is more addicted to reflection than myself, and yet the giddy and unreflecting are those who are most attached to me, and find most delight in my society. As I am always sincere, I will not attempt to palliate my defects or represent myself a whit better than I really am: and will, therefore, readily admit that I have one very unfashionable fault—one which should almost exclude me from good company—I mean that of speaking the truth, without flattery or disguise. I make no scruple of bluntly telling an antiquated belle that she ought to resign her pretensions, in the gay world, to younger rivals. I speak to a duchess or a chambermaid with equal frankness and

candour, for a coronet will not bribe me to flattery. It may be thought that this plain-dealing must gain me many enemies; but, strange to say, however much those to whom I utter unpleasant truths may be chagrined, they either find me so useful, or my society so agreeable, that they still put up with my insolence. Many, indeed, seem not in the least to give heed to my counsels, and, though I am perpetually telling them that they are ugly and devoid of attractions, instead of paying attention to me, they very comfortably persuade themselves that I must be quite mistaken. Among those who are always most ready to contradict me, are certain persons called lovers; these people—who, by the bye, are the most crack-brained enthusiasts in the world—will even, if I declare, in the most unqualified terms, that a lady is no beauty, instantly swear to her that she is a divinity, a Venus, a grace—for nothing less will serve their views: it is to no purpose that I protest that they are poetical and deal largely in fiction; people, I find, like agreeable lies better than unpleasant truths—*ainsi va le monde!* Though I am, as you may take my word for it, sincere and plain-dealing, I am yet very capricious in my looks, which, like the rest of the world, I always accommodate to my company. My countenance is perpetually shifting; for, although, as I have before said, no flatterer, I uniformly imitate the air, looks, and gestures of those who converse with me. What is, perhaps, still more extraordinary is that, let me look ever so handsome, I never excite the least jealousy or envy, even in those most addicted to such mean passions. On the contrary, I may safely aver that nowhere is beauty beheld with greater complacency and satisfaction than in me; it is then that the beholder is really delighted—yet such is the perverseness and ingratitude of mankind, that no one will avow the happiness he feels in gazing on me, be it ever so great, but will rather affect to find little enjoyment in my society. In public, to be sure, people generally slight me, or, at least, take very little notice of me; and yet it has frequently happened that, in the gayest society, and even while conversing with his mistress, many a fine gentleman has been seen to eye me with apparently as much pleasure and attention as his innamorata.

As an artist, I am vain enough to imagine I am unrivalled by the greatest masters, for I copy every object that is

placed before me, with a verity and naturalness that cannot be exceeded. And yet I know not whether I may justly so name myself, for nature alone is my instructress, or, rather, it is she who works in me.—But persons in masquerade should not be too loquacious, or they betray themselves at once:—I will, therefore, not drop another hint as to my real character, although I am afraid that I have long ago been discovered.

L. G.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Anxious to protect a most valuable institution from the effects of perhaps unintentional misrepresentation, I take the liberty of making a few observations on an account, which appeared in one of the daily papers of the last week, of the proceedings at the annual meeting of the governors of the Asylum for the Support and Education of the indigent Deaf and Dumb; and, by selecting *The Literary Chronicle* as the medium of my remarks, I consider that I shall introduce this very interesting and useful institution to the particular notice of a large portion of the friends of literature, who will naturally feel a lively concern for its prosperity.

Among the numerous charitable institutions of modern times, perhaps none has excited more general interest than the one which teaches the use of language to that singular and pitiable class of our fellow creatures, who, from their want of hearing, are naturally incapable of attaining it by the ordinary method of instruction. The institution, which, it appears, has already been the means of imparting this inestimable blessing—this distinguishing characteristic of the human race—to nearly eight hundred of the objects of its benevolence, was commenced in the year 1792, by the admission of six pupils. But such has been the promptitude with which the numerous and powerful appeals to the public in its behalf have been answered, that the yearly admissions, for some time past, have amounted to nearly fifty.

The present asylum, which was erected from a fund raised specifically for that purpose, and which has been since twice enlarged, is adapted for the reception of two hundred of these unfortunate children; and more than that number are now continually under instruction. The admissions are half-yearly, by the election of the governors at large. The children are kept in the asylum five years, and at the expiration

of that time an apprentice fee of £10 is given to masters approved by the committee.

It was not supposed, prior to the commencement of this institution, that the malady which it was intended to ameliorate was so extensive as it has proved to be: much less was it imagined that, in many instances, there existed *two, three, four, or even five, children in the same family*, suffering under this melancholy calamity!

Having thus given an outline of the nature and progress of this institution, permit me to call your attention to the erroneous account to which I have alluded. It is there stated that there are nine thousand governors; and in a letter inserted in the same paper, of a subsequent day, signed '*an old subscriber*,' it is taken for granted that the annual income of the society is consequently 9000 guineas. Now, any one who will be at the trouble of counting the names in the printed list of its governors (*life as well as annual**), will find the total number to be about 6850. Of these, about 2150 are governors for *life*; leaving only 4700 *annual* governors. If, however, this institution resembles others which are supported by voluntary contributions, the subscriptions of many of the annual governors must be in arrear, and a considerable deduction from the number printed should be made on *this* account: so that the real number of annual subscribers must be more than one half short of 9000. Now a word or two as to the other description of governors. Those individuals who have preserved and examined the printed documents issued, from time to time, by the committee of the institution, as I have done, will be aware that a very considerable number of the 2150 *life* governors became so prior to the erection of the present asylum, in the year 1809:—no less a sum than £15,850 having been raised for that particular purpose, in *life* subscriptions and donations, and the same privileges which were possessed by subscribers to the *fund for general purposes* have been guaranteed to those who contributed to the *building fund*.

I have understood, Mr. Editor, that some benevolent individuals have withdrawn their subscriptions from the institution, because its committee do not publish a yearly statement of its income and expenditure; but I much fear that

* Ten guineas in one payment constitutes a *life* governor, and one guinea annually an *annual* governor.

a far greater number, from a change of circumstances, or a desire to befriend other institutions, have made this omission a *pretext* for withdrawing *their* aid. I greatly regret that so numerous and afflicted a class of beings as the indigent deaf and dumb should be deprived of a single friend by such a circumstance; but I am by no means disposed to condemn its managers for not heretofore printing a statement, which they have considered might be injurious rather than beneficial to the charity, on the ground of legacies; inasmuch as some benevolent individuals, seeing the institution possessed of a few thousand pounds' stock, might be induced to disregard its claims to their notice.

I have been a subscriber for many years, and have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the zeal of the committee for the lasting prosperity of the charity, which has, indeed, become so well known, that their conduct is generally considered as a model for the imitation of similar societies. To their activity and judicious management this extraordinary institution certainly owes its present flourishing state; and I am convinced that its friends will cordially unite with me in wishing God speed to their benevolent and disinterested exertions.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Jan. 21, 1824.

CALEDONIAN TOUR IN 1823.

BY AN OXONIAN.

(Concluded from p. 43.)

INVERNESS is a town possessed of little beauty besides its situation; it has a bridge of seven arches over the Ness. Hardly any remains of the old castle wall are visible; a building, which has a spire like a church, is used for the purpose of confining culprits,—in other words, a prison. The adjoining hill of Craig Phadric presents an interesting coup-d'œil from the opposite bank of the river. Inverness is more interesting to me from its being connected, by recollections of former days, as the capital of a region which has given birth to numerous ancestors, many of whom, like brave clansmen, unsheathed their swords on the neighbouring moor in defence of their exiled prince. The Fall of Fyers is an inconsiderable sheet of water, though the dimensions are higher than those of Niagara; it presents no very extraordinary cascade, excepting after rainy weather. Beneath it, near the edge of the lake, stands the house of Fraser, of Tyers. The general's hut is a small inn, but contains excellent accommodation. The influence

of that inebriating spirit, the mountain dew, is frequently felt here, and visitors should be careful not to increase their libations, if they wish to avert the soporiferous effects of that lethargic species of Highland whiskey.

Embark on board the vapouring boat, and proceed for Fort Augustus, on the surface of the Caledonian Canal, which is intended to join three lakes. (The St. Lawrence, in Canada, joins five lakes of fresh water, which are complete inland seas; and Lake Superior is larger than the Caspian). It has numerous locks at Fort Augustus. The banks of Lochness are very mountainous, and numerous sheep were the chief objects visible on them. A Highland piper plays various plaintive airs as we sail along the tide. 'Fair play, Highland Laddie,' seems the favourite tune. I think it admits of doubt whether the solemn drone of the Phrygian crooked pipe, on which the votaries of Cybele performed, was more interesting than that of the Highland bagpipe,—the latter is certainly more national: there is something enchanting in the deep melodious sound which issues from the interior of that instrument.

Fort Augustus is a small outpost, and contains an armoury, but mounts no guns; it is entirely commanded from neighbouring eminences. It fell a sacrifice to the Highlanders during the rebellion:—

'Fort Augu's, too, they did attack,
And, in short time, beat it to wrack;
Three companies of Guise's therein,
'Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin.'

The adjoining village cannot boast of much accommodation; the landlord of the inn, who is a very surly sort of being, was only brought to a sense of his duty by the application of that very forcible *argumentum*—a cane to his broad shoulders—from the hand of a traveller, who lodged there.—Proceed in the Vapourer towards Fort William: on the left appear the high and rugged ridges of Corryarrak; it was not far from this inhospitable mountain that the unfortunate Charles wandered, after his affecting interview with Lochiel, at Lochaber, accompanied by Glenaladale and Captain Macrow, and a few other followers, in his endeavours to escape the pursuit of the soldiers, after the disaster at Culloden; and here the attachment of the Highlanders was shown, who brought him loads of provision, 'meat and salt, bread and snishen,' from Fort Augustus. Fine view of M'Donald of Glengary's House, on the borders of Loch Lochy. Arrive in the

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neighbourhood of Fort William at night: pass over a wet morass, and arrive at a ferry, which is crossed by a leaky boat (not unlike Charon's—what a pity it is not also formed of leather!) It was at the inn of Fort William that I first met with goat's flesh and port wine, supposed to be composed of an infusion of blueberries. The houses of the village are small and filthy, and the only attraction is the adjoining mountain, Ben-nevis, clad in perpetual fogs, combined with the beauties of the romantic glen, Nevis, with its roaring torrents and the rocky hills which skirt it on the left.—The Fort mounts about twenty pieces of cannon, and contained a small detachment of troops: the officer who commands them may be considered as almost a parallel to the Roman prefect who commanded a cohort at Syene, in Egypt, the very boundary of the empire; so entirely circumscribed from the other parts of Scotland is this, at present, insignificant fortress, originally intended to overawe the Highlands. It was besieged by Brigadier Stapleton, a French officer, during the rebellion, without success; and his batteries were first erected on a hill, called Sugar-loaf, about eight hundred yards from the fort, and afterwards on a spot 'half-way nigher,' but were completely destroyed by the fire from the garrison; and, his powder magazine blowing up, the besieged sallied out and spiked most of the guns:—

'Into the fort with them they drew
Three brazen cannons and mortars two,
Spiked up the rest, but only five,
At which they could not get a drive.'

Leave Fort William and proceed to Greenock:—fine scenery presented by the Hebrides, particularly by the Isles of Isla, Jura, and Mull. See the whirlpool of Corrybrekan in the distance, so called from a Danish prince, who perished there in ancient days. The general aspect of these isles is mountainous, particularly that of Jura, with its three conical hills, called the Paps of Jura. Numerous seas were visible on the rocky shores of these insulated regions.—Criman Canal: tremendous storm of rain; all the passengers are huddled together in the cabin of our vapouring boat (by name, the Comet), which reminds us very strongly of that horrid dungeon, the Black-hole of Calcutta. At length Aurora makes her desired appearance, after passing over Lochfine and through the Chiels of Bute. Greenock has fallen away in point of trade; its docks are commodious. Fort Glasgow is not much

superior. Paisley is a manufacturing town, possessing any thing but beauty. Glasgow is a populous town, apparently a place of great trade. No public conveyance can depart from it, unless it be on what are called lawful days. The chief feature of the principal street is an equestrian statue of King William, who rides sideways, as if not altogether very *compos*; those who are inclined to jest on the subject say that the effigy of the monarch has been copiously dosed with whiskey. The gazettes are full of *critique* on the performance of Mr. Macready, and of invective against the Catholics.

Carlisle:—This frontier town is famous for its cathedral; the principal monument in it is that of Dr. Paley; the few tombs consist chiefly of some monuments of abbots, long since forgotten and unheeded. The nave is of Saxon architecture, and contains very massy columns and a fine fort: a species of red stone appears to be the chief substance of which the edifice is composed; the ornaments of the massy columns are very bizarre—comic masks and bunches of grapes; the pews are of oak, and so are some very strange closets, apparently confessionals in the Roman Catholic days.—The old castle is built of the same kind of stone, and is partly surrounded by a moat; the walls are dilapidated, and part of them fell a short time since, and left a great gap; some parts of them are strengthened by buttresses. It contains about thirty ancient pieces of cannon, and has an arsenal, containing seven thousand stand of arms. One of the apartments, used as a barrack-room, was shown me, under the name of Queen Mary's Kitchen. The highest building, in the interior, is a curious square tower, which has no communication with any other part of the fortress, and can only be ascended by a ladder placed outside, it having no staircase within; near it is a well of immense profundity. Several of the arms had been struck by lightning in the arsenal, particularly in one part, and many of them had partially undergone the process of fusion in consequence. This fortress was taken by the rebels, after a slight resistance, and retaken in the December following. I was shown the spot, on the west side of the fort, where the Duke of Cumberland's cannon breached the walls. Little mercy appears to have been allotted to the garrison after the surrender, and most of them were butchered in the streets of Carlisle; amongst others, John Hamilton, the governor, had his

head struck off, and fixed on what was called the Scots' post.

'Scots for the future to exhort,
By viewing the spectacles were there,
Against rebellions to have a care.'

Many others were executed, and their hearts 'cut out alive,' with circumstances that must recall the utmost disgust and abhorrence of the conduct of their conquerors.

We almost feel transported to the dark or Gothic ages, when we read accounts of such truly barbarous actions, performed in a country which certainly boasted of a great share of civilization at that period, only seventy-six years ago. The tomahawk of the merciless Indian could scarcely be less sanguinary to a fallen foe. The best plan of proceeding would be to bury the memory of such actions in oblivion, equally disgraceful to the spirit which prompted the infuriate deed and the hand that executed them.

One of the taverns is still *dignified* by the effigy of Duke William. After perambulating the greater part of these northerly regions, I proceeded to Penrith, Kendal, and Preston, and then directed my route to more southern prospects—to those shores which are washed by the briny wave of Sabrina's reflux estuary.

W. T. P. SHORTT.

Original Poetry.

ISLINGTON WORTHIES;

OR, A STRING OF INAPPLICABLES.

SOME curious poets names have given
Of men and of women in LONDON:
My task will be, if to naming I'm driven,
And my pegasus is not quite undone,
To sing of the names in ISLINGTON
Which do not accord with their natures;
For there yet remain many, though many are gone,
Original whimsical creatures.
Here is MR. QUICK, who can scarcely walk,
MRS WHITE a decided tawney;
And RHODES is supported by milk and chalk,
And MISS HOG is too lean to be brawny;
MR. FLOWER's a flourishing AARON's ROD,
HOGARTH's a garden-painter,
FRENCH out of BRITAIN has never trod,
And MISS ROSE than a lily is fainter.
BRACEBRIDGE an arch has never made,
SMITH never beaten an anvil;
MILLER knows naught of the floury trade,
And STOCK still will never be stand still;
GRAMMAR is heard in a public house,
A POST is as prim as a quaker;
And good Mister LION he squeaks like a mouse,
While old mistress STIFF is a shaker.
MISS BROWN is fair, and MISS BLACK is red,
And PETER BLUNT is civil;
NELSON to sea was never bred,
Old ANGEL's a very 'devil';
PARRY beats all by parrying law,
STRINGER ne'er wound a reel,
EDGE never used or set a saw,
Nor FAST withstood a meal.

LE DIEU, sirs, keeps a house for beer;
 TOM PAINE's a goodly fellow,
 And, in spite of COBBETT, he will appear
 In flesh and bones, though fallow;
 TAILOR a stitch has never sewn,
 SERJEANT was ne'er enlisted,
 SLIM with surprise is lusty grown,
 And Miss ROPER's still untwisted.
 MISS MARTENS never fledged their wings,
 MISS SWALLOWS never travel,
 MISS BIRD nor STARLING ever sings,
 MISS STONE is as soft as gravel.
 Here's widow JAY completely dumb,
 Here's widow CROSS good-natured;
 Here's MR. HANDY without a thumb,
 And COWIE human-featured.
 Here's MR. FOX without a tail,
 THOMSON who is no poet,
 COOPER who cannot make a pail,
 And SELL who will not show it.
 DRAPER has never dealt in cloth,
 Excepting his profession;
 ARMSTRONG has never kill'd a moth,
 Or GARRET kept possession.
 MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, and JOHN, have ne'er
 Been scribes in sacred writ;
 WATER's so dry, he covets beer,
 And LACK entraps with wit;
 JOLLY is sickly, Gay is sad,
 BADGER's a gentle fellow;
 GOODE, like his name, is rarely bad,
 Or PEARMAN ever mellow.
 I've hosts of others left in store—
 Anon, I'll ring their changes,
 When memory flings their pleasures o'er,
 And fancy round them ranges;
 For ISLINGTON contains such folks
 As love with friends to mingle—
 To please the married with their jokes,
 And marry all the single.
Islington. J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WYNDHAM PLACE,
 BRYANSTONE SQUARE.

THIS edifice, which is just opened for divine worship, is reported to have been erected by Mr. Smirke; if so, it will add nothing to his reputation. We are willing to make every allowance, when we consider the restrictions under which the architect of a modern church or chapel is generally placed: we are perfectly aware of the difficulties with which he has to contend, and that he will rarely be permitted to exert his powers to any extent,—to display the more luxuriant beauties of his art, or to develop his ideas; still, however limited the scale of his building, or his pecuniary resources, there is one quality which an artist, if he possess it,—and if not, he is hardly deserving of the title—may always display: we mean *taste*: and of this, we must be permitted to say, we discover very few indications in the present structure. In its general features the design is homely enough; in this respect it might almost (saving the steeple) pass for a Quakers' meeting-house. We will not, how-

ever, quarrel with it on this account. An imperative regard to economy may have precluded greater ornament, and we will, therefore, even be so good-natured as to allow that this appearance of prudence and economy is a merit. But we do dearly love consistency, and, for that reason, regret that an awkward and misplaced attempt at architectural decoration should, by its departure from the general character of the edifice, and by its incongruity and air of pretension, invite a rigid critical examination. We frankly avow that we were never yet thrown into raptures by the neat primness of the Quaker style, either in dress or architecture; for we are far from thinking that the inelegant and somewhat uncouth—certainly austere, fashion of a drab dress and bonnet are not the most favourable auxiliaries to female charms; still, there is certainly nothing offensive in it; but let us substitute a gay modish bonnet for that of drab, and what was before tolerable becomes highly ridiculous and absurd. There is no one, we believe, but who would at once feel the striking incongruity in such a case; and yet we tolerate—nay, even applaud—incongruities equally great in architecture. On the south side of the church of which we are now speaking, we find a tower, the lower part of which forms a semicircular portico* of five intercolumns, formed by four Ionic pillars and antæ. Here, then, is an affectation of richness by no means according with any other part of the design; and, what is still worse, this portion of the structure, which, by its ostentatious arrangement, promises, at the first glance, an equally studied attention to its details, will be found, upon inspection, to be a crude jumble of uncouth and heterogeneous forms. The profiles of the entablature are any thing but beautiful; indeed, the scanty cornice has an air of meanness and poverty, absolutely amounting to deformity; nor do the diminutive and paltry windows within this portico, which, by the bye, are round-headed, although they are upon a circular plan, add any thing of chastity or grandeur to this feature.

The tower, which rises above this portico, almost defies our powers of description: the pillars between its paltry, insignificant, loop-hole-looking windows, are in a barbarous style; and the whole fabric has greatly the appearance of having been copied from a production of one of those ingenious artists

* In some newspaper descriptions this portico is very strangely said to be 'in high relief.'

ycleped confectioners: so wretched, in truth, and so truly despicable, is this attempt at embellishment, that, instead of regretting that the architect has not been permitted to do more, we are rather concerned to find that he has been allowed to do so much. Any one, even a mason's apprentice or labourer, may clap a column here and a column there, or scatter patches of finery and ornament over his walls; but to the architect we say—give us character, give us effect, unity of design, symmetry, and harmony of proportions; exhibit, in short, something wherein we may recognise the man of talent, if not of genius,—and the tasteful artist. Columns and other architectural ornaments no more constitute fine architecture than rhymes and fine words do poetry. In either case it is the arrangement and application of the materials which proclaim either the bungler or the artist. There is, we apprehend, no more fatal fallacy in architecture than the erroneous maxim which so frequently appears to be adopted—namely, that a little embellishment, however it be applied or misapplied, is better than none at all: thus many a building, which would not only escape criticism but be even respectable in an honest, unpretending, and unsophisticated plainness, becomes a monster of the most pitiful deformity, affectation, and absurdity, when tricked out with paltry and insignificant attempts at ornament, which serve rather to show poverty, both of resources and imagination, than any thing else. Our readers will, perhaps, pardon us, if, in support of this opinion, we here recur to some of the buildings in the Regent's Park, on which subject we gave an article a few months ago.

Dr. Lyall, in his recently-published work on Russia, pays a compliment to the Cornwall Terrace. Imagining, therefore, that we had made up our opinion as to its merits rather too hastily, when we found it spoken of in terms of high commendation, by one who had so long studied* the rich and varied architecture of Moscow, we proceeded thither from the New Church in Wyndham Place. Further examination, however, has served only to confirm the opinion we first gave: the truth is, whether we examine it as to its general arrangement and design, its details, proportions, or execution, we can discover but very little beauty, and certainly no

* Dr. L.'s work abounds with architectural description. In fact, the minuteness with which he has noticed all the edifices of Moscow render it little more than a guide-book, on an extended scale, to that city.

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grandeur: the parts are insignificant, and frequently very incongruous with each other. We do not deny that there are some prettinesses, but, upon the whole, it is in a showy, ambitious style. It looks fine enough at the first glance: at the second, we recognise the jackdaw in his borrowed plumes,—we perceive that paint and plaster, or cement, are substituted for stone. The imposition is so great that it will not pass for a moment. We have heard much of the virtues of cement, as a material which would present a surface equal, in beauty of appearance, to stone; but a sight of the buildings in this park, in their present state, must convince any one to the contrary: the cornices and most of the mouldings—in some places, too, the walls—are nearly entirely covered with green. In some parts this is very bright; in others dark, approaching to a black. The effect of this is at once dismal and ridiculous enough,—not much unlike the appearance which some well-rouged dowager makes when she has accidentally rubbed some of the borrowed bloom off her withered cheeks. To say the truth, the faces of buildings coated with this substitute for stone, like those of ladies who employ a succedaneum for the rosy tint of nature, want constant reparation, to keep them in tolerable order; and, in both cases, when the coating is first laid on, even its unnatural freshness betrays the deceit, and shows it to be not what it affects to be. Yet we own that we should, in neither instance, be very hard upon the artifice, provided it were managed with some address: it is when it is done in a bungling manner that we are offended at the deception intended to be passed upon us.

In attempting to point out the most prominent and besetting errors of our architecture at the present day—where boldness and poverty are substituted for simplicity, incongruity for contrast, and a multiplicity of ill-combined ornaments for richness, and where common-place vulgarity and reflection so frequently disgust, we have digressed to such a length that we cannot now return to the subject which first excited our remarks. We regret this, however, the less, as the interior of the building presents but little to excite our admiration, either as to its arrangements or its architectural effect. The painted glass window over the altar is quite out of keeping with the rest of the interior. The other windows have an excessively mean appearance. The light, too, is badly and injudiciously distributed.

Our remarks may, perhaps, be deemed very severe, if not illiberal. We cannot help it: we have spoken our sentiments honestly—whether erroneously or not others must decide. We do not belong to that race of good-natured critics who see every thing *couleur de rose*, and who are ready, on every occasion, to deal out a profusion of honied epithets. On the contrary, we shall ever reprobate that perverted taste and despicable, mistaken economy, which render so many, both of our public and private, buildings, any thing but ornamental to our metropolis.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

NOTHING particular has occurred at any of our theatres during the week. The King's Theatre, previous to the operatic campaign, which commences tomorrow (Saturday), was opened on Thursday—not to the press, or to connoisseurs and professional ladies and gentlemen only—but almost indiscriminately. The theatre has been furbished up during the recess, and a new chandelier, about which there has been a good deal of puffing, was exhibited. Those, however, who expected to see 80,000 burners, or 80,000 drops, (as the daily papers stated) must have been disappointed, though it is magnificent enough. A new drop curtain, which did not display much taste or invention, was also shown. Rossini is to have the direction.

At Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres there has been no novelty. *Philandering* keeps its ground at the former; and, at the latter, *Simpson and Co.* is but indifferently played. This is, however, redeemed by the excellent manner in which that good sterling comedy, *John Bull*, is performed.

The Surrey is attracting crowded audiences by *The Gamblers*,—a fac-simile representation of the murder of Weare. *O tempora! O mores!*

Literature and Science.

THE first number of a new journal, called the Monitor of Warsaw, was published on the 1st of the present month.

Dr. Hessel, of Groningen, who was sent, in 1820, by the government of the Netherlands, to the East Indies, for the promotion of natural history, died at Brettenzorg, in Java, in September last.

The following architectural works are in the press:—Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, from the German of Mollor.—A second edition of Sciography, or Rules for Projecting Shadows.—Ornaments, Grecian and Roman

Architecture, &c. selected from Stuart's Athens, &c. &c. for the use of architects, workmen, &c.—A Catalogue of Works upon Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture.—A second edition of Elmes's Lectures on Architecture.—And Sir William Chambers's Treatise on Civil Architecture, much extended, by J. Gwilt.

Mr. George Cruikshank is now engaged in illustrating two volumes, entitled Tales of Irish Life; written from actual observation during a residence of several years in various parts of Ireland, and intended to display a faithful picture of the habits, manners, and condition of the people.

The same ingenious artist is also preparing several designs for a humorous exposition of the Tread-mill.

The Rev. Solomon Piggott's volume on Suicide, a series of Anecdotes and actual Narratives, with Reflections on Mental Distress, will be published in the course of the month.

Mrs. Lanfear has a small volume nearly ready, entitled Letters to Young Ladies on their First Entrance into the World, to which will be added Sketches from Real Life.

It is stated in some of the German papers that the Duke of Brunswick is going to establish an university in his capital. The Dutch formerly possessed one at Helmstadt, much esteemed, but which was suppressed when Brunswick was united with the kingdom of Westphalia. Such an establishment will be convenient, because there is a library at Wolfenbuttel of nearly 200,000 volumes, rich in rare books and manuscripts, which might be easily made use of.

New Trumpet.—A Mr. J. Shaw, of Glossop, Derbyshire, has invented a chromatic trumpet, on a new principle. It is capable, we understand, of execution nearly equal to a Kent bugle, while its tone is in no respect inferior to that of a common trumpet, which properties have never before been united in the same instrument. The principle on which it is constructed is applicable to every instrument of the horn kind, and will be peculiarly useful when applied to the trombone, since precisely the same effect may be produced, by the mere motion of a finger, as in the common slide trombone, which requires the hand to be moved half a yard.

Scientific Dreaming.—A plan 'for applying electricity, galvanism, or burning glasses to the generation of steam' has been announced by a Mr. Slack, in The Rhode Island American. He thinks burning glasses 'would be a cheap way for farmers to do their boiling and cooking,' and he says that the expense of the apparatus would be comparatively trifling.

Newly-Invented Saw.—A person of the name of Hesmondhalgh, of Richester, near Blackburn, United States, has constructed a saw which may be worked by water or machinery. It is capable of working any number of plates, from one to eight, and will saw timber of any magnitude. If eight plates be placed in the frame, it will perform equal to sixteen men.

New Bridge across the Thames.—Notice has been given in the Gazette of an intention to apply to Parliament, next session, for leave to bring in a bill for erecting a patent wrought-iron-bar bridge of suspension upon and over the River Thames, at Rotherhithe, for carriages, carts, waggons, horses, cattle, and foot passengers, and for making the necessary roads and communications thereto. It is intended that the bridge shall be of sufficient height to admit ships and vessels to pass under it, at spring tides, without striking or lowering their masts.

School at Brussels.—A school on the principle of mutual instruction was formed at Brussels in 1819, under the patronage of the Prince of Orange. It is supported by annual subscriptions and donations. A subscriber paying 20 francs annually, or a sum of 200 francs at once, has the privilege of placing three children in the school, where they are taught, gratuitously, reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of design and vocal music; all of which are acquired in the short period of two years. The society has established one school for boys, where four hundred are regularly taught all these branches of education.

Irish Sculpture.—A statue of his Majesty has been executed, for the County Hall, Belfast, by that celebrated Irish artist, Mr. Kirk, as the Dublin papers denominate this gentleman, of which one of them gives the following account.—'This statue is something above the ordinary size, being six feet eight inches in height. His Majesty appears dressed in the costume of Sovereign of the Order of the Knights of St. Patrick, with his left hand touching a pile of pieces of Irish linen, and the right extended, whilst the head is thrown somewhat back, which gives an uncommon degree of majesty and dignity to the whole figure. The countenance is represented, by those who have had an opportunity of judging, to be an exact likeness. It exhibits at once benignity, grace, and majesty; and, indeed, such is the sentiment which strikes the mind of the beholder on a first impression of a view of the statue. As a piece of statuary it is highly creditable to the state of this branch of the fine arts in our city.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
January 16	34	36	32	30 60	Fair.
..... 17	28	35	31	.. 52	Do.
..... 18	35	41	32	.. 40	Do.
..... 19	37	44	42	.. 23	Cloudy.
..... 20	39	43	42	.. 11	Do.
..... 21	42	46	42	29 62	Do.
..... 22	42	46	48	.. 18	Rain.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE Lash of the Poets,' and the 'Voice of the Past,' in our next or the following number.

E. G. B. in our next—E. in an early number.

We shall try to balance accounts with O. F. (whom we recognise as an old friend) very shortly.

Works published since our last notice.—James's Naval History, complete, 5 vols. 8vo. with two of tables, 4l. Huggins's Sketches of India, 8vo. 9s. 6d. Guide to French Weights and Measures, 3s. 6d. English Traveller's Assistant in Italy, 18mo. 2s. 6d. Patience, a tale, by Mrs. Holland, 12mo. 5s. Wine and Walnuts, new edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. The Nun, and other poems, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boyd's Translation of Agamemnon, 8vo. 3s. 6d. Rivington's Annual Register, 1822, 8vo. 18s. Conversations on the Months of the Year, 18mo. 7s. Recollections of an Eventful Life in the Army, 12mo. 7s. The Albigenes, a romance, by the Author of Bertram, 4 vols. 1l. 12s. Peter Schlemihl, a tale, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Tales from Switzerland, 2d series, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Thomson's Sermons on Infidelity, new edition, 7s. First Love, a tale, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Percy Histories, London, Part 4, 2s. 6d. Life of Adam Blair, new edition, 7s. Masterton's Stern Remorse, a tragedy, 8vo. 3s. M'Crie's Life of Melville, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Grinfield's Doctrinal Harmony of the New Testament, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Just published,

RIVINGTON'S ANNUAL REGISTER, for the Year 1822; in one large Volume, 8vo. price 18s. in boards.

•• Lately published, the Volume for 1821, price 18s. of which an account is given in the British Critic for June, 1823; also, the Year 1820 (commencing with his present Majesty's Reign), price 18s.

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